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# THE HAUNT OF



NO. 17  
FEB.

# FEAR®

REPRINT  
EDITION

FEATURING...



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



GHASTLY



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! I SEE YOU'RE *HORROR-HUNGRY* AGAIN... BACK FOR MORE *SAVORY SERVINGS* OF SCREAMS FROM MY *CAULDRON*? WELL, *GOOD!* WELCOME TO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! THIS IS YOUR *DELIRIUM-DIETITICIAN*, THE OLD WITCH, COOKING UP ANOTHER *REVOLTING RECIPE!* READY? GOT YOUR *DROOL CUPS* FASTENED UNDER YOUR *DRIBBLING CHINS*? GOT YOUR *SHROUDS* TIED NEATLY AROUND YOUR *NECKS*? THEN I'LL BEGIN DISHING OUT THE *TERROR-TIDBIT* I CALL...

## HORROR WE? HOW'S BAYOU?

THE MOSS-LADEN CYPRESS TREES THAT LINE THE RUTTED BAYOU ROAD SEEM TO PART... AND AN OLD PLANTATION HOUSE, WEATHERBEATEN AND FADED, LOOMS UP IN THE CAR'S HEADLIGHT BEAMS! ITS COLUMNED PORTICO LEERS OMINOUSLY LIKE SOME GIGANTIC FANGED MONSTER SQUATTING IN THE ROAD, BLOCKING THE AUTOMOBILE'S FURTHER PROGRESS! OFF IN THE DISTANCE A SWAMP BIRD SCREAMS INTO THE NIGHT, AS IF LAUGHING AT THE DRIVER'S DISCOMFORT...

**BLAST IT! THIS ROAD ENDS HERE!  
BUT I'M SURE THAT SIGN BACK THERE  
POINTED THIS WAY...**

GHASTLY



THE CAR DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND A YOUNG MAN STEPS OUT! HE STRIDES TOWARD THE RUN-DOWN MANSION... THERE'S A LIGHT

GREY FORMS SCATTER AS THE LOST STRANGER MOUNTS THE STEPS OF THE COLUMNED PORCH...

THE LARGE BRASS DOOR-KNOCKER RESOUNDS HOLLOWLY INSIDE THE ONCE GLORIOUS HOUSE! FOOTSTEPS APPROACH AND THE HEAVY OAK FRONT DOOR CREAKS OPEN...

SHINING THROUGH ONE OF THOSE SHUTTERED WINDOWS! THAT MEANS SOMEONE'S **LIVING** THERE! PERHAPS **THEY** CAN GIVE ME **DIRECTIONS**...

WHEW! **SWAMP RATS!** UGH! HOW COULD ANYONE **LIVE** OUT IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN COUNTRY?

YES? HOW DO YOU DO? MY NAME IS **FORMAN**...**MAX FORMAN**! I MUST HAVE MADE A **WRONG TURN** A FEW MILES BACK...

THE DOOR OPENS WIDE, REVEALING A SMALL, SAD-EYED, MIDDLE-AGED MAN...

COME IN, MR. FORMAN! GIVE ME IN! MY! I'D GONE TO BED! I'D GIVEN UP FOR TONIGHT!

GIVEN UP? I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

GIVEN UP **WAITING** FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU TO COME ALONG, MR. FORMAN! YOU SEE, I SWITCHED THAT SIGN DOWN THERE SO YOU'D MAKE THE TURN INTO OUR ROAD...

YOU... YOU DID THAT... ON PURPOSE? WHY?

FOR EVERETT, MR. FORMAN! EVERETT...MY BROTHER! EVERY SO OFTEN HE GETS DIFFICULT...AND I HAVE TO PROMISE HIM THINGS...

BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ME?

EVERETT IS **MAD**, MR. FORMAN! THAT'S WHY WE LIVE OUT HERE IN THE BAYOUS! HE IS DANGEROUS! HE IS A **HOMICIDAL MANIAC**...

BUT... WHY... WHY... ME? CHOKE...



EVERETT HAS A STRONG  
DESIRE TO KILL, MR. FORMAN!  
THIS DESIRE CANNOT GO  
UNSATISFIED FOR ANY  
LENGTH OF TIME! IF IT  
DOES... HE MAY TURN  
ON ME!

YOU'RE...YOU'RE  
JOKING! THIS  
IS SOME SORT  
OF SAG!

IF YOU WILL LOOK  
BEHIND YOU, YOU WILL  
SEE THAT THIS IS  
NO JOKE, MR. FORMAN!

GASP!

UH-HUHH!  
...FOR EVERETT?  
FOR ME?

YES, EVERETT  
FOR YOU...

UH-HUHH! K-KEEP  
UH-HUHH! AWAY...

UH-HUHH!  
UH-HUHH!

KEEP AWAY-A-A

E E E E E  
G G G G G  
H H H H H  
N N N N N

KEEP  
AWAY!

THE SCREAMING PROTESTS OF THE YOUNG MAN DIE  
IN A CHOKING GURGLE AS THE LUMBERING MANAC'S  
VICE-LIKE FINGERS CLOSE AROUND HIS NECK...

UH-HUHH!  
UH-HUHH!

TAKE HIM AWAY, EVERETT! TAKE  
HIM DOWN INTO THE CELLAR!  
I DON'T WANT TO SEE

THE ELDER MAN WATCHES AS HIS YOUNGER MAD  
BROTHER SWINGS THE PROSTRATE FORM OF THE  
STRANGER OVER HIS MASSIVE SHOULDERS AND  
MOVES OFF THROUGH THE MUSTY OLD MANSION...

I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU  
DISMEMBER HIS BODY?

UH-HUHH...  
UH-HUHH...



LATER, THE DOOR TO THE OLD PLANTATION HOUSE OPENS AND THE ELDER BROTHER COMES OUT...

NOW TO GET RID OF THE CAR...

THE CAR LEAPS FORWARD WITH A LOUD GRINDING OF GEARS, DOWN AN OVERGROWN PATH, FINALLY STOPPING BEFORE A SHIMMERING YELLOW POOL...

THE QUICK-SAND POOL WILL SWALLOW UP ALL TRACES OF IT...

RELEASING THE EMERGENCY BRAKE, THE ELDER BROTHER LEAPS OUT, AND THE CAR ROLLS FORWARD INTO THE SUCKING BOG... SINKING SLOWLY FROM SIGHT! BEYOND, FROM THE MANSION, A SICKENING SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER ECHOES INTO THE BAYOU NIGHT...

POOR EVERETT... WELL, PERHAPS THIS WILL SATISFY HIM... FOR A WHILE, AT LEAST!

FINALLY THE CAR HAS DISAPPEARED BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE ROLLING QUICKSAND POOL! THE ELDER BROTHER MOVES BACK THROUGH THE BAYOU OVERGROWTH TO THE MANSION! EVERETT STANDS IN THE OPEN DOORWAY, BREATHING HEAVILY! HIS HANDS ARE BLOTCHED RED...

I'M... FINISHED, SIDNEY! COME... SEE!

N-NO, THANK YOU, EVERETT! JUST PUT WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM IN THE SACK, AS USUAL...

EVERETT LUMBERS OFF AND RETURNS SHORTLY AFTER, A LARGE BLOOD-STAINED SACK SWUNG OVER HIS SHOULDERS...

HE... HE WAS A DOCTOR, SIDNEY! I FOUND HIS CARD! I DON'T LIKE DOCTORS!

THROW WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM IN THE QUICKSAND POOL, EVERETT... WITH THE OTHERS!

EVERETT'S STUPID FACE BRIGHTENS! HE GRINS IDIOTICALLY...

REMEMBER THE OTHERS, SIDNEY? THE FAT SALESMAN... AND THE WOMAN...

YES, EVERETT! I REMEMBER! GO AHEAD, NOW! IN THE QUICK-SAND POOL...

THE WOMAN WAS NICE! HER FLESH WAS SO SOFT! WHEN I CUT...

EVERETT!





EVERETT SCURRIES OFF TOWARD THE QUICKSAND POOL WITH HIS GORY CARGO! SIDNEY WATCHES HIM GO! YES! THE WOMAN! SHE WAS THE FIRST! HE REMEMBERED HER...

I'M AFRAID I'VE LOST... MY WAY! COULD YOU HELP ME GET BACK TO THE...THE HIGHWAY?

UH-HUHH!  
UH-HUHH!

EVERETT?  
WHO IS IT?

I BEG YOUR PARDON, MA'AM! MY BROTHER IS NOT TOO BRIGHT! COULD I HELP YOU?

I... I WANTED TO REACH HOUMA BY DARK! I MUST HAVE TURNED OFF THE MAIN ROAD...

YOU'LL NEVER MAKE HOUMA TONIGHT, MA'AM! YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY THE NIGHT, THOUGH! YOU CAN START OUT FRESH IN THE MORNING!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW! I WOULDN'T WANT TO IMPOSE...

YES! THE WOMAN HAD BEEN THE FIRST! DURING THAT NIGHT, EVERETT HAD GONE TO HER ROOM AND...

THE SCREAM HAD AWAKENED SIDNEY! HE'D RUSHED TO THE WOMAN'S ROOM...

EVERETT?  
CHOKES...

UH-HUHH!  
UH-HUHH!

HUH?  
WHAT WAS THAT?

EEEEEE...G  
H!  
H!

SIDNEY HAD THROWN THE DISMEMBERED PARTS OF THE WOMAN'S BODY INTO THE QUICKSAND POOL! THAT HAD BEEN THE BEGINNING OF IT! AFTER THAT, EVERETT HAD GOTTEN WORSE AND WORSE! AND SIDNEY REALIZED THAT HE'D HAVE TO SUPPLY HIS MAD BROTHER WITH OTHER VICTIMS TO KEEP HIM SATISFIED...

ALL RIGHT, EVERETT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!

UH-HUHH...  
UH-HUHH...

SO SIDNEY'D THOUGHT OF ALTERING THE DIRECTIONAL SIGN DOWN AT THE ROAD, SO WANDERERS WOULD COME TO THE MANSION...

MY NAME'S JACKSON... ANTHONY JACKSON! I'M A TRAVELING SALESMAN! I SEEM TO HAVE GOTTEN ONTO YOUR ROAD BY MISTAKE!

COME IN, MR. JACKSON!  
COME IN!



AND NOW THE DOCTOR! SIDNEY WATCHES AS EVERETT LUMBERS BACK ONTO THE PORCH CARRYING THE EMPTY SACK...

DID YOU...? YES, SIDNEY! I... I THREW THE PIECES IN THE POOL!



COME TO BED, Y-YES...SIDNEY! EVERETT!



SOON, THE LIGHTS BLINK OFF ONE BY ONE IN THE RAMSHAKLE OLD PLANTATION HOUSE! SIDNEY AND HIS MAD BROTHER ARE ASLEEP! BUT DOWN IN THE BAYOU, THE QUICKSAND POOL ROLLS AND QUIVERS...



BENEATH ITS SUCKING SURFACE, THE DISMEMBERED PARTS OF THREE BODIES...A WOMAN'S, A SALESMAN'S, AND A DOCTOR'S...BUMP TOGETHER, TURNING LAZILY... MELTING... FUSING... REORGANIZING THEMSELVES... UNTIL...



...A PULPY HAND REACHES INTO THE BAYOU NIGHT...

A STRINGY-HAIRED ROTTED WOMAN'S HEAD BOBS TO THE SURFACE...



ANOTHER FOLLOWS...THE PLUMP SALESMAN'S FACE APPEARS...

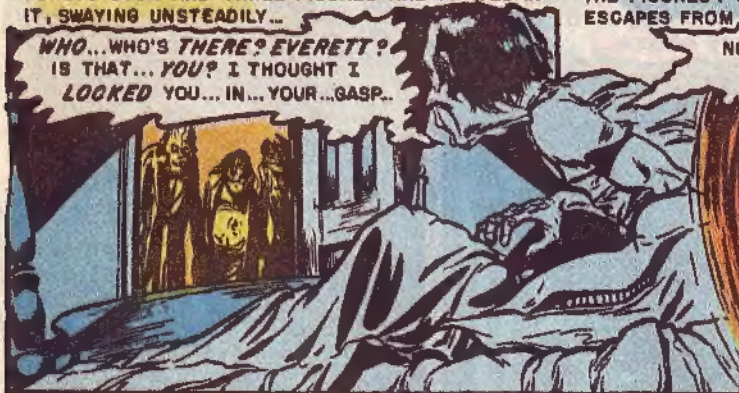
...AND THEN THE RECENTLY MURDERED DOCTOR'S RISES...





IN HIS BEDROOM, SIDNEY STIRS UNCOMFORTABLY IN HIS SLEEP! SUDDENLY, THE DOOR TO HIS CHAMBER BURSTS OPEN AND THREE FIGURES ARE FRAMED IN IT, SWAYING UNSTEADILY...

WHO...WHO'S THERE? EVERETT?  
IS THAT... YOU? I THOUGHT I  
LOOKED YOU... IN... YOUR...GASP...



THE FIGURES MOVE FORWARD...INTO THE LIGHT! BUT THERE IS SOMETHING STRANGELY WRONG ABOUT THE FIGURES! SIDNEY STARES IN HORROR! A WHIMPER ESCAPES FROM HIS THROAT...

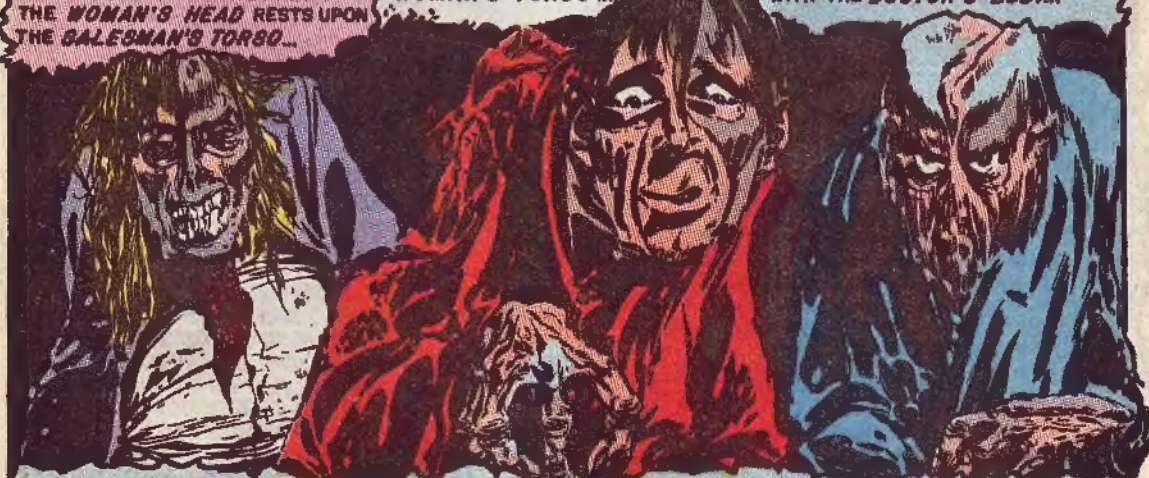
NO! NO! OH, LORD...



FOR THE DISMEMBERED PARTS  
OF EVERETT'S THREE VICTIMS  
HAVE FUSED INCORRECTLY!  
THE WOMAN'S HEAD RESTS UPON  
THE SALESMAN'S TORSO...

...WHILE DOCTOR FORMAN'S  
HEAD RESTS UPON THE  
WOMAN'S TORSO...

...AND MR. JACKSON'S, THE  
SALESMAN'S, HEAD HAS FUSED  
WITH THE DOCTOR'S BODY...



THE OTHER PARTS, THE ARMS AND LEGS OF EACH,  
ARE EQUALLY AS CONFUSED! THE CONGLOMERATIONS  
MOVE FORWARD...TOWARD THE HYSTERICALLY  
SCREAMING SIDNEY...

CLUTCHED IN ONE OF THE MIXED-UP-FIGURE'S HANDS  
IS A SMALL BLACK BAG...THE KIND USED BY DOG-  
TORS TO CARRY THEIR SHINY LITTLE SHARP  
INSTRUMENTS...

EEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHH!





LOCKED IN HIS BARRED-WINDOW ROOM, EVERETT LISTENS WITH GREAT PUZZLEMENT TO THE SHRIEKING THAT ECHOES THROUGH THE OLD HOUSE FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES...

YAAAAEEEEEEEEEE!

FINALLY, THE SHRIEKING STOPS, AND ONLY A SOFT PITIFUL SOB-BING IS HEARD! FROM THE BARRED WINDOW, EVERETT WATCHES AS THREE FIGURES TOTTER OUT OF THE MANSION...

...AND BACK INTO THE BAYOU TO THE QUICKSAND POOL...



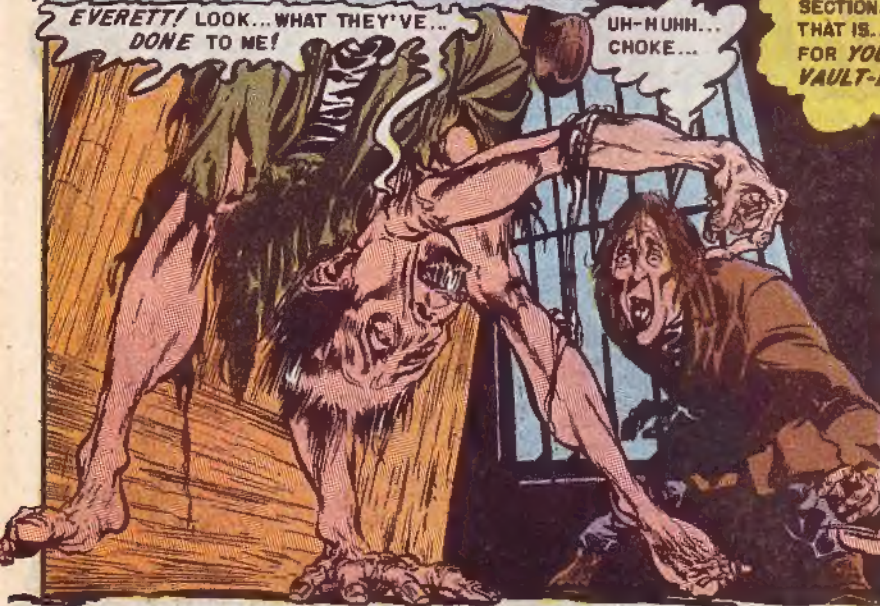
SUDDENLY, A KEY RATTLES INTO THE LOCK OF THE HEAVY DOOR OF EVERETT'S ROOM! HE TURNS FROM THE BARRED WINDOW! *SIDNEY*, OR WHAT WAS *ONCE* SIDNEY BUT IS NOW NOTHING MORE THAN A *CONFUSED REORGANIZATION* OF *SIDNEY'S DISMEMBERED BODY*, STANDS BEFORE HIM...THE *UPSIDE-DOWN HEAD* HANGING FROM THE *LEFT HIP*, SOBBING...THE *LEFT LEG*, SEWN TO THE *LEFT SHOULDER*, CROOKED AWKWARDLY AROUND A MAKE-SHIFT CRUTCH...THE *RIGHT LEG* SWAYING FROM THE *RIGHT SHOULDER*...THE *LEFT ARM*, ERUPTING FROM THE *NECK*, GESTICULATING...AND THE *RIGHT ARM* SUPPORTING THE ENTIRE GRISLY SIGHT...

HEE, HEE! YEP, KIDDIES! EVERETT'S *VICTIMS* REALLY *MESSED UP* HIS BROTHER SIDNEY! YOU MIGHT SAY THEY *SHOT TOGETHER!* OF COURSE, THE *DOG* WAS A *SURGEON*, SO HIS HEAD *DIRECTED* THE WHOLE OPERATION! WHAT A *LAUGH*, THOUGH! HE'D HAD NO *ANESTHETIC* IN HIS BAG! SIDNEY THOUGHT IT WAS A *SCREAM* WHAT *HAPPENED* TO *SIDNEY* AND *EVERETT* YOU ASK? OH, THEY'RE STILL *DOWN THERE*, DEEP IN

THE *BAYOUS* OF *LOUISIANA!* NEXT TIME YOU'RE *DRIVING* IN THAT SECTION, JUST *LOOK* FOR THEM! THAT IS... IF *THEY* DON'T LOOK FOR *YOU FIRST!* AND NOW, THE *VAULT-KEEPER* WAITS! SEE YOU *LATER...*

EVERETT! LOOK... WHAT THEY'VE... DONE TO ME!

UH-HUHH... CHOKO...





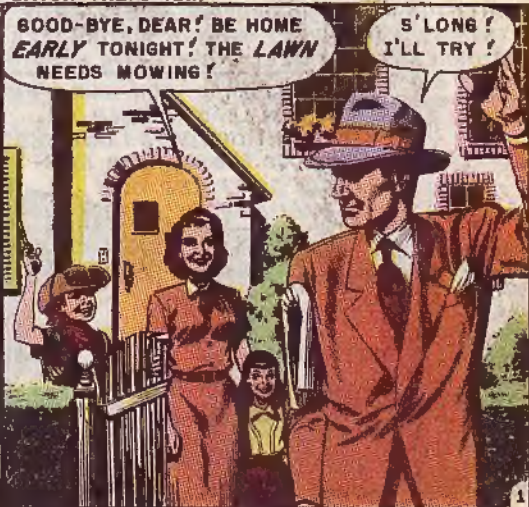
# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! GREETINGS, *BOILS AND GORES*! WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO *THE VAULT OF HORROR*! COME IN AND RELAX... ON THAT *MARBLE SLAB* OVER THERE! THIS IS YOUR *HOST IN HOWLS*. *THE VAULT-KEEPER*, READY TO RELATE ANOTHER *TERROR-TONE* FROM MY *FABULOUS COLLECTION*! I CALL THIS ONE...

♪ **GORILLA MY DREAMS!** ♪



YOUR NAME IS PHILIP STOKER! YOU'RE THIRTY-THREE YEARS OLD...MARRIED...WITH TWO KIDS... A MORTGAGED HOME... AND EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR! THIS MORNING, AS USUAL, YOU GULPED DOWN YOUR BREAKFAST, KISSED YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN GOOD-BYE, AND RUSHED OFF TO CATCH THE 8:12...





IT WAS A MORNING LIKE EVERY OTHER MORNING FOR YOU, PHILIP STOKER! YOU SAT IN YOUR USUAL SEAT ON THE TRAIN...READ YOUR USUAL PAPER...AND ARRIVED AT YOUR OFFICE PROMPTLY AT NINE.



GOOD MORNING, MR. STOKER! THERE'S SOMEONE WAITING TO SEE YOU!

GOOD MORNING, MISS TRUMBLE! ALL RIGHT! I'LL SEE HIM IN A MOMENT!

MISS TRUMBLE SHOWED THE STRANGER INTO YOUR OFFICE AND LEFT! HE STOOD THERE, STARING AT YOU...HIS EYES GLEAMING! HE NODDED HIS HEAD SEVERAL TIMES AS IF CONVINCING HIMSELF OF SOME SILENT SECRET...



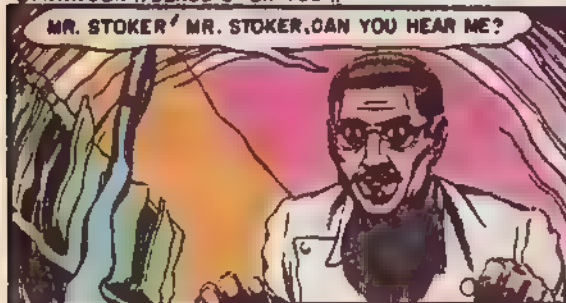
YES, SIR! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

YES! YES, MR. STOKER! YOU WILL DO *NICELY*... *VERY NICELY* INDEED!

AND THEN HE SWUNG TOWARD YOU, THE NEEDLE-LIKE HYPODERMIC SYRINGE GLITTERING! YOU CRIED OUT AS ITS POINT PIERCED YOUR SLEEVE, THE WARM FLUID EMPTYING INTO YOUR ARM...

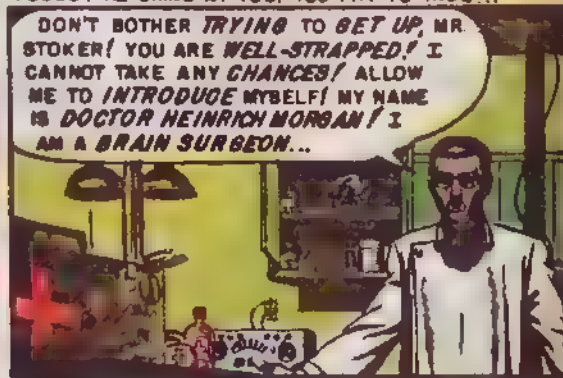


THAT WAS THE LAST THING YOU CAN REMEMBER, PHILIP STOKER! JUST THE BLACKNESS...CLOSING IN...REACHING OUT AND COVERING YOUR EYES WITH VELVET HANDS! BUT NOW, YOU ARE COMING TO! THE LIGHT OVERHEAD BLINDS YOU! YOU HAVE AN UNBEARABLE THROBBING PAIN IN YOUR HEAD! HE...THAT STRANGER...BENDS OVER YOU...



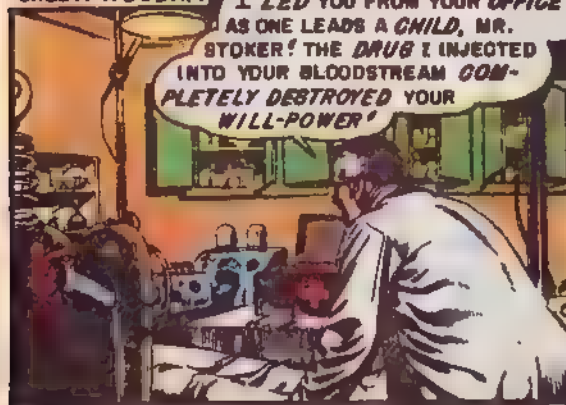
MR. STOKER! MR. STOKER, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

THE COBWESS DULLING YOUR VISION ARE SWEEPED AWAY! THE BLURRED FACE BEFORE YOU COMES INTO FOCUS! HE GRINS AT YOU! YOU TRY TO RISE...



DON'T BOTHER TRYING TO GET UP, MR. STOKER! YOU ARE *WELL-STRAPPED*! I CANNOT TAKE ANY CHANCES! ALLOW ME TO *INTRODUCE* MYSELF! MY NAME IS DOCTOR HEINRICH MORGAN! I AM A BRAIN SURGEON...

YOU LOOK AROUND! YOU ARE IN SOME SORT OF LABORATORY! YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY A CLUTTER OF INTRICATE EQUIPMENT! NEARBY, A FORM LIES MOTIONLESS ON A TABLE, COVERED WITH A WHITE SHEET! A BODY...



I LED YOU FROM YOUR OFFICE AS ONE LEADS A CHILD, MR. STOKER! THE *DRUG* I INJECTED INTO YOUR BLOODSTREAM COMPLETELY DESTROYED YOUR WILL-POWER!

YOU TRY TO SPEAK! THE THROBBING IN YOUR BRAIN INCREASES IN INTENSITY! YOUR LIPS FORM WORDS, BUT ONLY A LOW, CHOKING GROWL ERUPTS FROM YOUR THROAT...



THIS, MR. STOKER, IS MY CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT, MY GREATEST MOMENT OF GLORY! FOR I...HEINRICH MORGAN...HAVE DONE WHAT SCIENCE SAID NEVER COULD BE DONE! I HAVE SUCCESSFULLY TRANSPLANTED A HUMAN BRAIN!



A GOLD KNIFE-BLADE OF FEAR SLICES DOWN YOUR SPINE, PHILIP STOKER! YOU GLANCE, TERRIFIED, AT THE COVERED BODY LYING MOTIONLESS BESIDE YOU! DOCTOR MORGAN FOLLOWS YOUR GLANCE, REACHES OVER, AND FLINGS BACK THE WHITE SHEET...

YES, MR. STOKER! THIS IS YOUR BODY HERE!



**"NO!"** YOU WANT TO SCREAM! **"NO!"** BUT ONLY THAT ANIMAL-LIKE HOWL EXPLODES FROM YOUR THROAT! YOU TUG AND STRAIN AT THE STRAPS THAT HOLD YOU... TRYING TO TEAR YOURSELF LOOSE...

NOW, CALM DOWN, MR. STOKER! CALM...DOWN...



SUDDENLY, LIKE SO MANY BANDS OF TISSUE PAPER, THE STRAPS PART...

WAIT! NO! STAY... WHERE... YOU... OOOOCH...



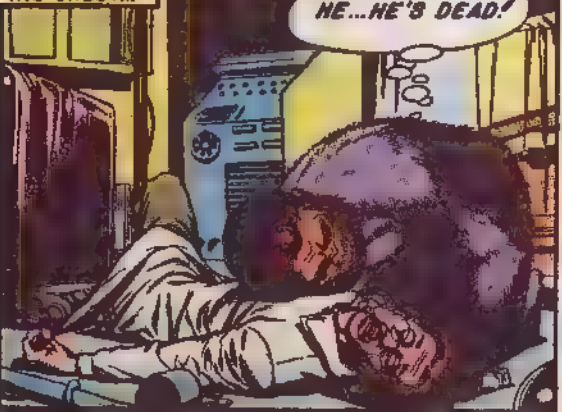
THE MAD DOCTOR BEFORE YOU SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR...GASPING...

MY... HEART...



HE TWISTS GROTESQUELY IN PAIN...STIFFENS...THEN IS STILL! YOU BEND OVER HIM, AWKWARDLY...FINALLY FALLING TO YOUR KNEES AND PLACING YOUR EAR TO HIS CHEST...

HE...HE'S DEAD!



THE LABORATORY IS FILLED WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM...AN INHUMAN SCREAM...WILD AND ANIMAL-LIKE... A SCREAM THAT YOU YOURSELF, PHILIP STOKER, HAVE JUST UTTERED...

YOUR BRAIN, MR. STOKER, HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY TRANSPLANTED INTO THE BODY OF A FULLY MATURE AFRICAN GORILLA...



YOU STAND UP...SWAYING UNSTEADILY! YOU LOOK AROUND, PANIC-STRIKEN! YOUR GLANCE FALLS ON THE PARTIALLY COVERED GOLD WHITE CORPSE ON THE OPERATING TABLE... YOUR CORPSE! YOU STUMBLE TOWARD IT, MOANING! YOU THROW YOURSELF ACROSS ITS CHEST, SOBING LIKE A BABY...



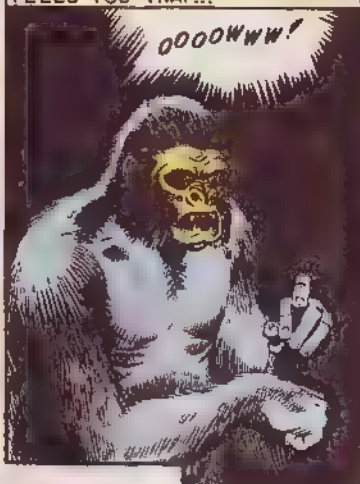


FINALLY, YOU BACK AWAY FROM YOUR BODY... STARING DOWN AT ITS CHALK-WHITE FACE

NO! NO! THIS IS SOME SORT OF HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE! I'LL AWAKEN SOON... AND EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT!



NO, PHILIP STOKER! THIS IS NO HORRENDOUS NIGHTMARE! THE STINGING PAIN OF THE NEEDLE TELLS YOU THAT...



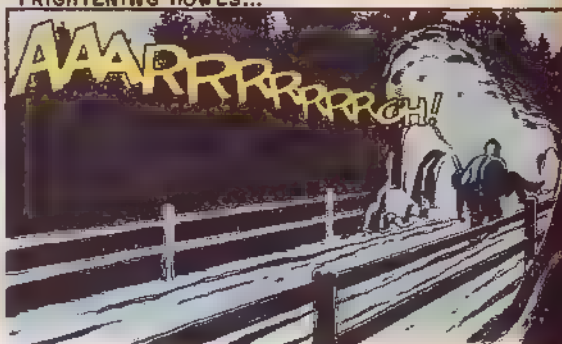
THE NEEDLE IS REAL, PHILIP! THE LABORATORY IS REAL! THE DOCTOR... YOUR BODY... YOU... EVERYTHING IS REAL! LOOK INTO THE MIRROR, PHILIP STOKER! SEE FOR YOURSELF...



HYSTERIA TAKES HOLD OF YOU... THE SUDDEN, SCREAMING HYSTERIA OF HELPLESSNESS! YOU STUMBLE TO YOUR BODY... TO THE BODY OF PHILIP STOKER... AND SWEEP IT UP FROM THE TABLE...



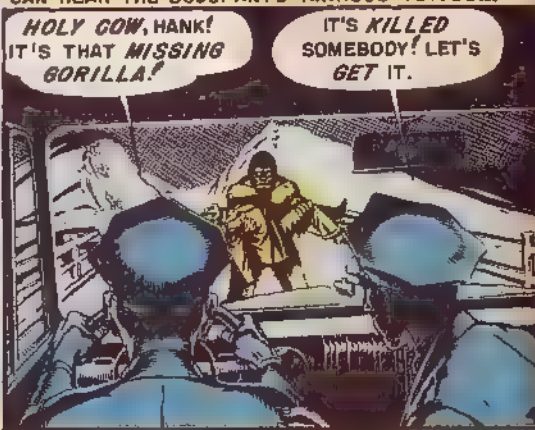
...AND THEN YOU'RE RUSHING HEADLONG DOWN A LONELY, DARK COUNTRY ROAD... CARRYING YOUR DEAD BODY IN YOUR ARMS... SHOUTING FOR HELP! ONLY YOUR SHOUTS ECHO INTO THE NIGHT AS DISMAL FRIGHTENING HOWLS...



FINALLY YOU STOP RUNNING! YOU STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, GASPING FOR BREATH... GROWLING! WHERE ARE YOU GOING, PHILIP STOKER? WHAT CAN YOU ACCOMPLISH? CAN YOU TALK? CAN YOU TELL ANYONE WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU? WAIT, PHILIP! THINK! LOOK! A CAR IS COMING! SEE THE HEADLINE BEAMS REACHING INTO THE BLACKNESS AHEAD OF YOU... DOWN THE ROAD...



THE CAR'S BRAKES SQUEAL SHRILLY AS IT SKIDS TO A STOP BEFORE YOU! A POLICE CAR! YOU CAN HEAR THE OCCUPANTS' ANXIOUS VOICES...



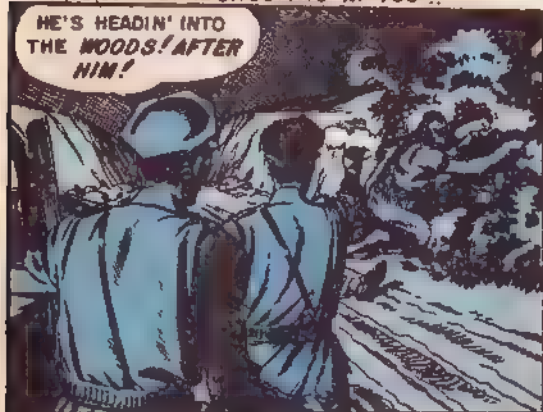
HOLY GOW, HANK! IT'S THAT MISSING GORILLA!

IT'S KILLED SOMEBODY! LET'S GET IT.



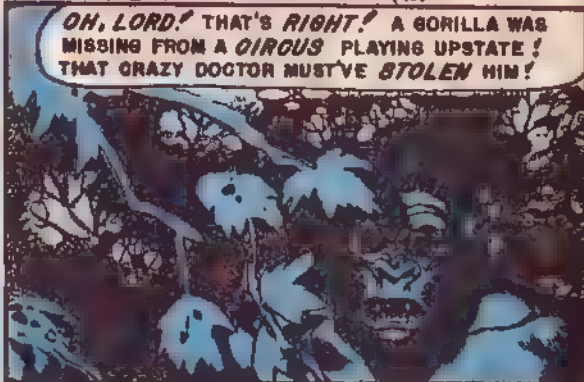
THEY'RE LEAPING FROM THE CAR, PHILIP! THEY'VE DRAWN THEIR GUNS! RUN! RUN! DROP YOUR BODY AND RUN! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT YOU...

HE'S HEADIN' INTO THE WOODS! AFTER HIM!



A MISSING GORILLA! THEY THINK YOU'RE A MISSING GORILLA! DIDN'T YOU READ ABOUT THAT, PHILIP? DIDN'T YOU READ ABOUT IT IN THE NEWSPAPERS THE OTHER NIGHT?...

OH, LORD! THAT'S RIGHT! A GORILLA WAS MISSING FROM A CIRCUS PLAYING UPSTATE! THAT CRAZY DOCTOR MUST'VE STOLEN HIM!



AND NOW YOU'RE THAT GORILLA, PHILIP! YOUR BRAIN IS IN ITS BODY! AND IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL, THEY'LL SHOOT YOU...

YOU WATCH THEM BACKTRACK OUT TO THE ROAD AGAIN! YOU PAD AFTER THEM, HIDE BEHIND A BUSH, AND WATCH...

GLORIA... YOUR WIFE! THEY'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH HER! THEY'LL TELL HER YOU'RE DEAD...

NO USE IN CHASIN' HIM ANY FURTHER! IT'S TOO DARK IN HERE!

YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S GET BACK TO THE ROAD AND SEE ABOUT THAT POOR GUY HE GOT!



WHAT'S HIS NAME?

THIS IDENTIFICATION CARD IN HIS WALLET SAYS 'PHILIP STOKER... 195 ELM AVENUE!'



... AND THE KIDS! THEY'LL... THEY'LL MOURN FOR ME! BUT I'M NOT DEAD! I'M... I'M ALIVE... ALIVE!



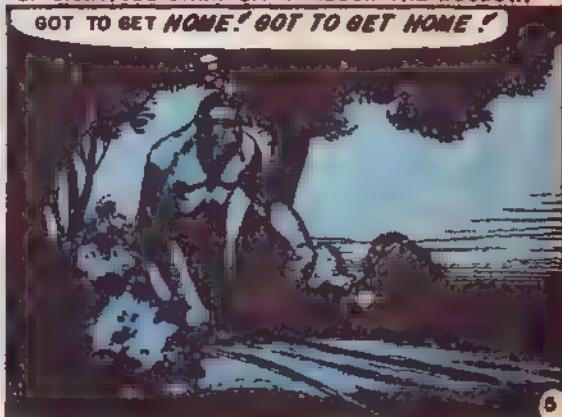
ARE YOU ALIVE, PHILIP STOKER? ARE YOU...?

GLORIA! I'VE GOT TO LET HER KNOW... SOMEHOW...



YOU WATCH AS THEY LIFT THE BODY AND PLACE IT IN THE PATROL CAR! AS SOON AS THEY ARE OUT OF SIGHT, YOU START OFF THROUGH THE WOODS...

GOT TO GET HOME! GOT TO GET HOME!





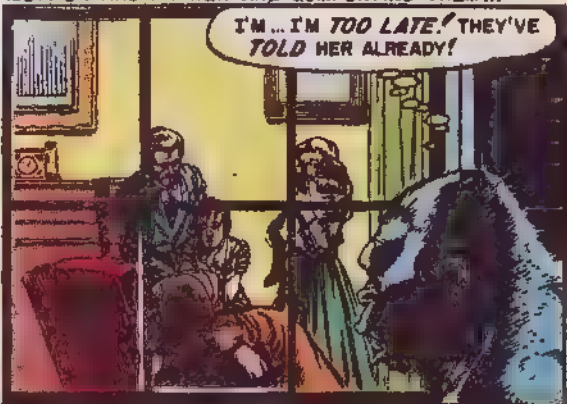
AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS OF CUTTING CROSS-COUNTRY, DUCKING INTO DEEP SHADOWS, AND SCALING FENCES, YOU REACH YOUR SUBURBAN HOME...

THERE'S...THERE'S A  
LIGHT ON!



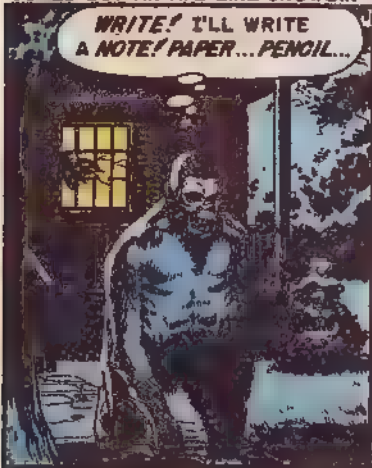
YOU SLIP AROUND TO THE BACK AND PEER THROUGH THE WINDOW! INSIDE, GLORIA SITS SOBBING IN A CHAIR! THE CHILDREN ARE THERE...AND GLORIA'S MOTHER AND FATHER ARE COMFORTING THEM...

I'M...I'M TOO LATE! THEY'VE  
TOLD HER ALREADY!



WHAT CAN YOU DO NOW, PHILIP?  
YOU CANNOT TALK! EACH WORD  
COMES OUT AN APE-LIKE GROWL...

WRITE! I'LL WRITE  
A NOTE! PAPER...PENCIL...



IN THE CAR! THERE'S A PENCIL  
AND A PAD IN THE GLOVE COM-  
PARTMENT! YOU KEPT IN THERE  
TO RECORD GAS EXPENSES! YOU  
SLIP INTO THE GARAGE...

I'LL TELL HER  
EXACTLY WHAT  
HAPPENED! I'LL...I'LL...



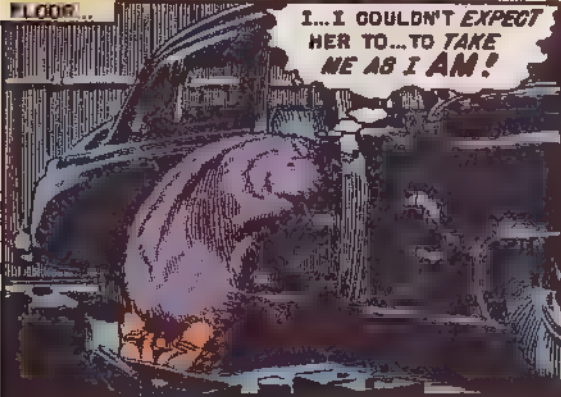
AND THEN YOU LOOK INTO THE  
CAR MIRROR! YOU LOOK AT YOUR  
HAIRY GORILLA FACE... THE RED,  
BEADY EYES... THE FANGED,  
GRUELLY-DRAWN MOUTH...

BUT...BUT WHAT GOOD WOULD  
IT DO? WHAT COULD THEY  
DO FOR ME?



THAT'S RIGHT, PHILIP! WHAT COULD THEY DO FOR  
YOU? YOUR HUMAN BODY LIES IN A FUNERAL PAR-  
LOR, RIGID WITH RIGOR MORTIS! DOCTOR HEIN-  
RICH MORGAN LIES DEAD ON HIS LABORATORY  
FLOOR...

I...I COULDN'T EXPECT  
HER TO...TO TAKE  
ME AS I AM!



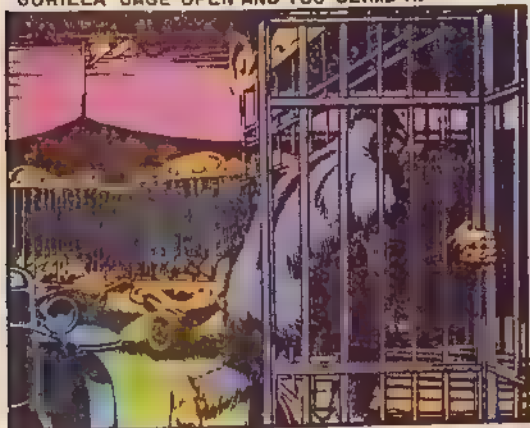
AND SO, SADLY, YOU SLIP THE PENCIL AND PAPER  
BACK IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT AND YOU PAD  
OUT OF THE GARAGE...

THERE'S...THERE'S ONLY ONE THING  
TO DO!





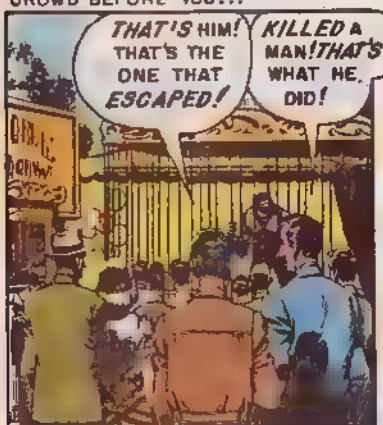
AND SO, AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE CIRCUS GROUNDS, YOU SLIDE THE BOLT OF THE EMPTY GORILLA CAGE OPEN AND YOU CLIMB IN



SOON, THE CIRCUS ANIMAL-KEEPER BEGINS TO MAKE HIS ROUNDS! SUDDENLY, HE SEES YOU...



ALL DAY LONG, AS THE CIRCUS MOVES FROM TOWN TO TOWN, YOU SIT CROUCHED IN YOUR CAGE, STARING OUT AT THE HUMAN BEINGS WHO CROWD BEFORE YOU...



AND THEN, ONE DAY, YOU SEE THEM... GLORIA... AND THE KIDS... MOVING THROUGH THE CIRCUS MENAGERIE...



THEY LOOK UP AT YOU... YOUR CHILDREN! THEY LOOK UP AT YOU WITH ANGRY FACES...

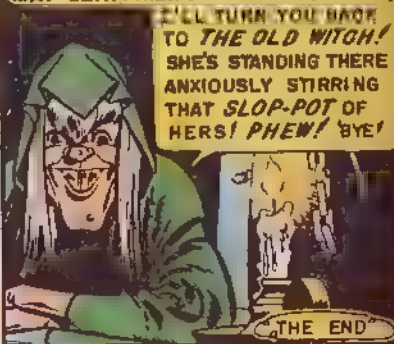


FOR A LONG MOMENT, GLORIA STARES AT YOU... STARES INTO YOUR BEADY EYES! A FLICKER OF RECOGNITION SEEMS TO BRIGHTEN HER PALE AND DRAWN FACE! BUT SUDDENLY, IT IS GONE! SHE TURNS AWAY! YOU CLUTCH THE BARS OF YOUR CAGE, DRAW YOUR BLACK LIPS BACK REVEALING YOUR CRUEL YELLOWED FANGS, AND YOU SHRIEK...



IT IS A SHRIEK OF UTTER RESIGNATION, PHILIP STOKER! A SHRIEK OF SURRENDER! THE BODY HAS WON! YOU ARE A GORILLA...

HEH, HEH! ANYBODY CARE FOR A BANANA? THAT'S THE FRUIT WITH APPEAL! APE APPEAL! BY THE WAY! NEXT TIME YOU SEE A CAGED GORILLA, BE KIND TO HIM, EH? HE MAY BE... PHILIP! AND NOW, FIENDS,

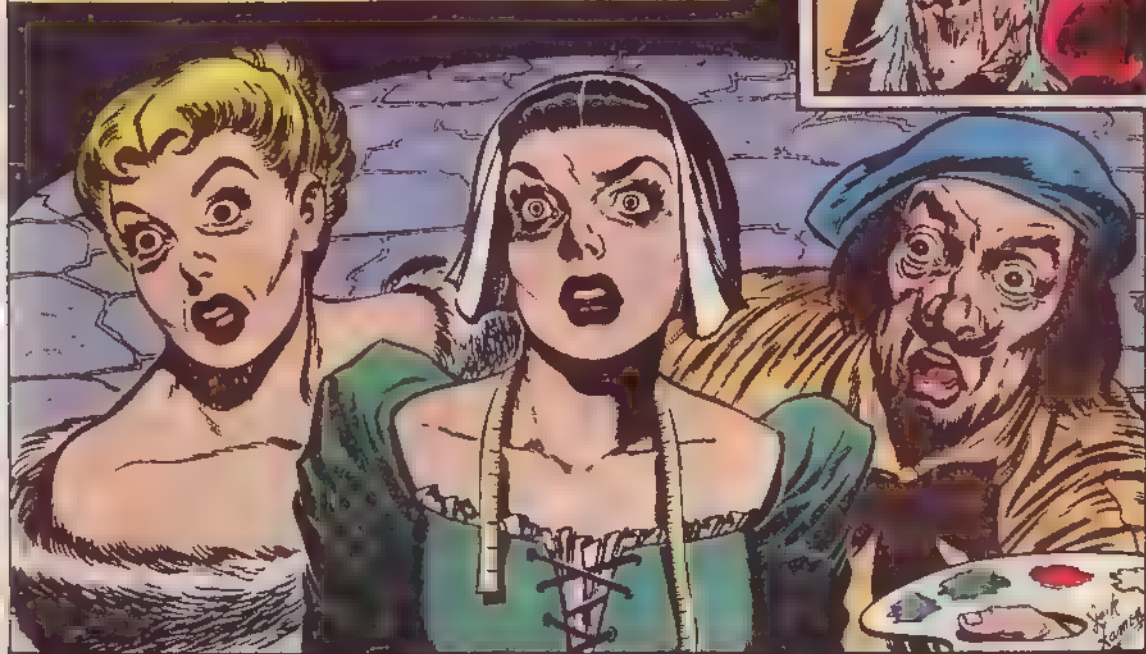




# THE OLD WITCH'S GRIM FAIRY TALE!

HEE, HEE! AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER *TERROR TALE* FOR *TINY TYKES*... ANOTHER *CHILDISH CHILLER*! I CALL THIS ONE...

## A LIKELY STORY!



ONCE UPON A TIME .. LONG, LONG AGO... THERE WAS A TINY KINGDOM WHICH WAS RULED BY A CRANKY OLD QUEEN. ONCE UPON A TIME THERE HAD BEEN AN OLD KING, TOO, BUT HE'D BEEN LAID TO REST BEFORE OUR STORY TOOK PLACE... DRIVEN TO HIS GRAVE BY THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN'S CONSTANT NAGGING AND SCOLDING, SO NOW THE KINGDOM WAS RULED BY THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN ALL BY HERSELF...

ROYAL  
SEAMSTRESS!

Y-YES, YOUR  
MAJESTY!



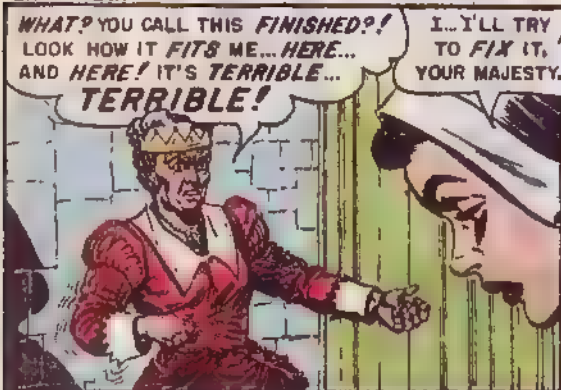
I'M READY FOR MY *FITTING*.  
HAVE YOU FINISHED THE  
*GOWN*?

YES, YOUR MAJESTY.  
I'LL *FETCH* IT,  
YOUR MAJESTY...





NATURALLY, THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN'S PALACE STAFF DESPISED HER. ALL SHE EVER DID WAS YELL AT THEM AND COMPLAIN. SHE WAS NEVER SATISFIED WITH ANYTHING THEY DID. LIKE THE POOR SEAMSTRESS, FOR EXAMPLE...

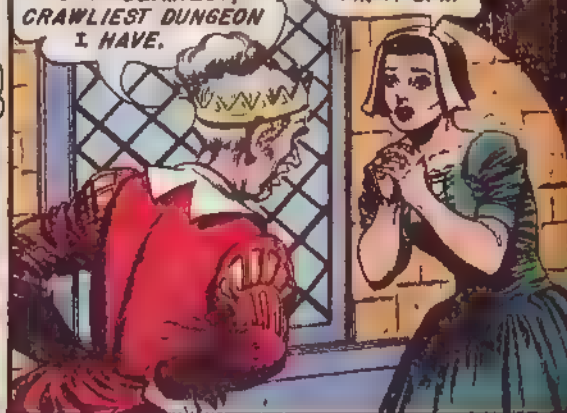


WHAT? YOU CALL THIS *FINISHED*?! LOOK HOW IT *FITS* ME... *HERE*... AND *HERE*! IT'S *TERRIBLE... TERRIBLE!*

I...I'LL TRY TO *FIX* IT, YOUR MAJESTY.

TRY TO *FIX* IT? YOU'D *BETTER* *FIX* IT, OR I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN INTO THE *SLIMIEST, CRAWLIEST DUNGEON* I HAVE.

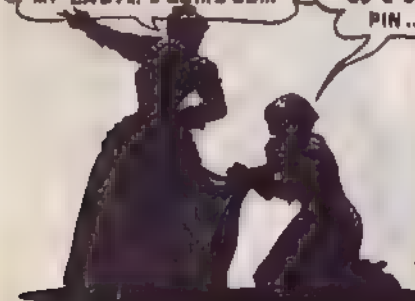
Y-YES, YOUR MAJESTY. H-HOLD STILL, YOUR MAJESTY, WHILE I PIN IT UP...



BUT OF COURSE IT WAS VERY DIFFICULT FOR THE POOR NERVOUS SEAMSTRESS TO PIN UP THE QUEEN'S GOWN CORRECTLY WHILE THE OLD NAG WAS YELLING AT HER, THREATENING HER, INSULTING HER...

AND THIS IS YOUR *LAST CHANCE*. YOU *CLUMSY STUPID NEEDLE-PUSHER!* IF MY *NEXT FITTING* ISN'T MY *LAST*.. I'LL...I'LL...

Y-YES, YOUR MAJESTY! PLEASE! HOLD STILL SO I CAN PIN...



OF COURSE, I COULD *END* THIS GRIM FAIRY TALE BY TELLING YOU THAT ONE DAY, IN A FIT OF TEMPER, THE POOR GHASTLY SEAMSTRESS FINALLY *GRABBED* THE OLD NAG AND *SEWED* HER MOUTH SHUT...



AND THEN STOOD HER ON THE *FITTING STAND*...



AND STUCK *PINS* IN HER UNTIL THE CRANKY OLD NAG WENT *OUT OF HER MIND*...



...BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT HAPPENED THE POOR SEAMSTRESS DIDN'T HAVE THE COURAGE! ALL SHE COULD DO WAS LISTEN TO THE QUEEN'S RAVINGS... AND *DREAM* ABOUT DOING THOSE THINGS...

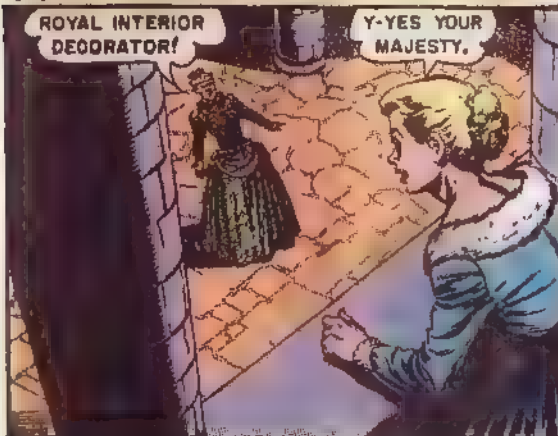
...AND YOU'D BETTER SEE TO IT THAT... THAT...*ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?*

HUH? OH... YES, YOUR MAJESTY!





THEN THERE WAS THE ROYAL INTERIOR DECORATOR. SHE TOO WAS CONSTANTLY BEING CRITICISED AND SGOLDED AND THREATENED BY THE CRANKY QUEEN...



ROYAL INTERIOR DECORATOR!

Y-YES YOUR MAJESTY.

WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT THAT BARE WALL THERE? I TOLD YOU I WANTED SOMETHING ON IT... ANYTHING... TO BREAK UP THAT BARE MONOTONY!

Y-YES, YOUR MAJESTY. I... I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU A FEW THINGS... IF YOU HAVE THE TIME!



I THOUGHT... PERHAPS... THIS TAPESTRY...

BAH! UGLY! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY IMAGINATION?

THIS ORIENTAL RUG...

TERRIBLE!

PERHAPS... PERHAPS...

WELL? WELL? COME, COME! SAY IT! SAY IT! I HAVEN'T ALL DAY!



OF COURSE, I COULD END THIS GRIM FAIRY TALE RIGHT HERE BY TELLING YOU THAT ONE DAY, IN A FIT OF TEMPER, THE POOR CHASTISED INTERIOR DECORATOR GRABBED THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN AND HUNG HER ON THAT BARE CASTLE WALL...



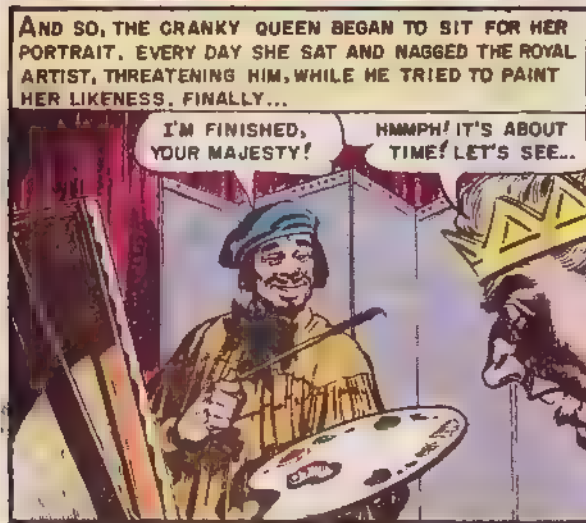
BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT HAPPENED. THE POOR GIRL DIDN'T HAVE THE COURAGE! ALL SHE COULD DO WAS LISTEN TO THE QUEEN'S RAVINGS... AND DREAM ABOUT DOING IT...



WELL? WELL? PERHAPS WHAT?

ER...AH...PERHAPS A PAINTING, YOUR MAJESTY! A PAINTING OF...OF...OF YOU! A PORTRAIT!







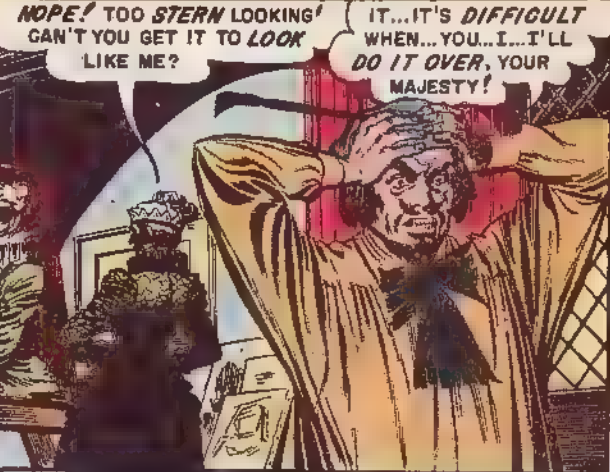
SO THE ROYAL ARTIST PAINTED THE FACE OVER...



**STILL DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ME! TOO YOUNG! DO IT OVER...**

**Y...YES, YOUR MAJESTY!**

ONCE AGAIN, THE ROYAL ARTIST REPAINTED THE PORTRAIT.



**NOPE! TOO STERN LOOKING! CAN'T YOU GET IT TO LOOK LIKE ME?**

**IT...IT'S DIFFICULT WHEN...YOU...I...I'LL DO IT OVER, YOUR MAJESTY!**

FOR THE FOURTH TIME, THE QUEEN'S PORTRAIT WAS REPAINTED...



**AND IT'D BETTER LOOK LIKE ME THIS TIME OR ELSE I'LL HAVE YOUR FINGERS BURNED IN OIL!**

**GULP! YES, YOUR MAJESTY!**

AND FOR THE FOURTH TIME, WHEN THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN LOOKED AT THE FINISHED PORTRAIT, SHE RAVED...



**IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ME! CAN'T YOU GET IT TO LOOK LIKE ME?**

**THERE IS A WAY, YOUR MAJESTY!**

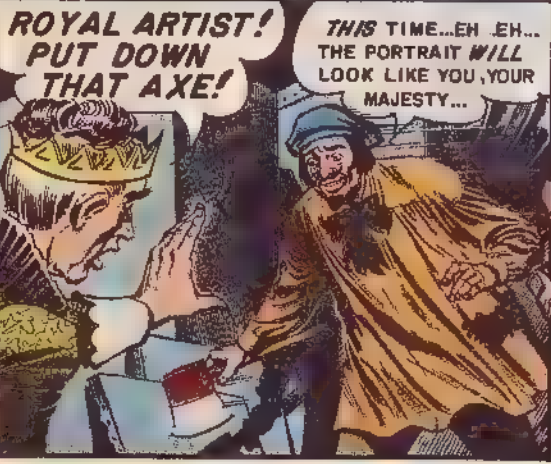
THE ROYAL ARTIST LOOKED AT THE QUEEN WITH WIDE STARING EYES...



**THERE'S ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE IT LOOKS LIKE YOU, YOUR MAJESTY!**

**EH? ER... ROYAL ARTIST...**

AND AS HE MOVED TOWARD HER, DROOLING, THE ROYAL ARTIST PICKED UP A LARGE AXE...



**ROYAL ARTIST! PUT DOWN THAT AXE!**

**THIS TIME...EH..EH... THE PORTRAIT WILL LOOK LIKE YOU, YOUR MAJESTY...**

... AND BROUGHT IT DOWN ON THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN'S HEAD WITH ALL HIS MIGHT...



**EEEEEEEEEEEEEE...GGHH!**



OF COURSE, THE ROYAL SEAMSTRESS HAD A SEWING JOB TO DO ON THE ROYAL ARTIST'S CANVAS...

ALMOST FINISHED, ROYAL SEAMSTRESS?

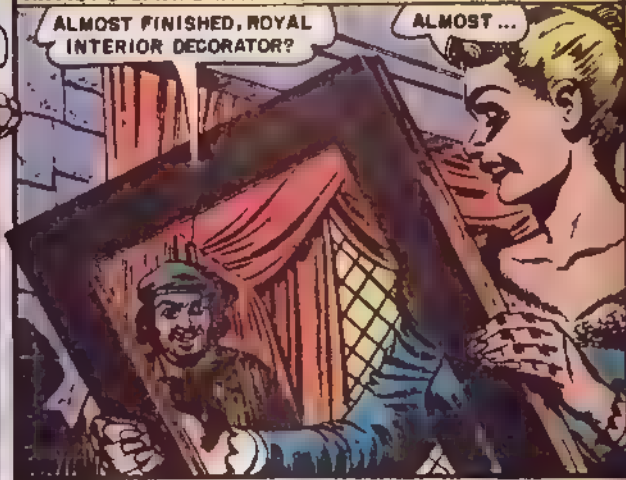
TUM-TE-TUM...ALMOST, ROYAL ARTIST!



AND THE ROYAL INTERIOR DECORATOR FRAMED THE ROYAL ARTIST'S CANVAS WITH GREAT CARE...

ALMOST FINISHED, ROYAL INTERIOR DECORATOR?

ALMOST...



AND THE ENTIRE HARASSED AND HAGGED STAFF OF THE CRANKY QUEEN'S CASTLE CHEERED AS THE PORTRAIT WAS HUNG ON THAT BARE WALL...

GOOD SEWING JOB, ROYAL SEAMSTRESS!

THE PERFECT THING FOR THAT SPOT, ROYAL DECORATOR...

AMAZING LIKENESS, ROYAL ARTIST!

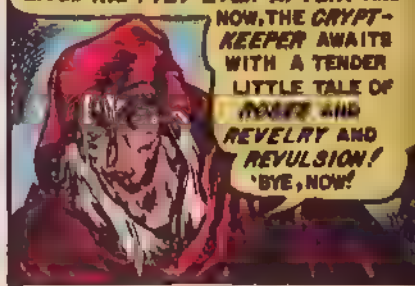


INDEED, THE ROYAL ARTIST'S PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN WAS AN AMAZING LIKENESS. AND WHY SHOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN? HALF THE CRANKY OLD QUEEN'S HEAD HAD BEEN NEATLY SEWN TO THE CANVAS...



HEE, HEE! AND THE ROYAL SEAMSTRESS, AND THE ROYAL DECORATOR, AND THE ROYAL ARTIST DIDN'T GET A SINGLE COMPLAINT ABOUT THEIR WORK THIS TIME, KIDDIES! NOT ONE WORD! WELL...HEE, HEE...NATURALLY! THE QUEEN WAS IN NO POSITION TO OBJECT. SHE'D ALREADY LOST FACE! SO AFTER THAT, AS IN ALL FAIRY TALES, EVEN GRIM ONES, EVERYBODY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER! AND

NOW, THE CRYPT-KEEPER AWAITS WITH A TENDER LITTLE TALE OF ~~HOPE~~ AND REVELRY AND REVULSION! 'BYE, NOW!

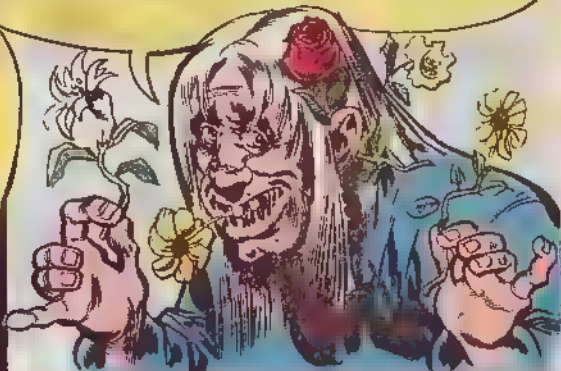




# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! SO NOW, IT'S YOUR *CRYPT-KEEPER'S* TURN TO *AMUSE* YOU, EH? WELL, DON'T JUST *STAND* THERE! CRAWL INTO *THE CRYPT OF TERROR!* SIT DOWN ON THAT BAG OF *CHARCOAL* AND I'LL TELL YOU A *WARMING* LITTLE TALE, ALL *FLOWERY* WITH *FETID STENCHES*, THAT I AFFECTIONATELY CALL...

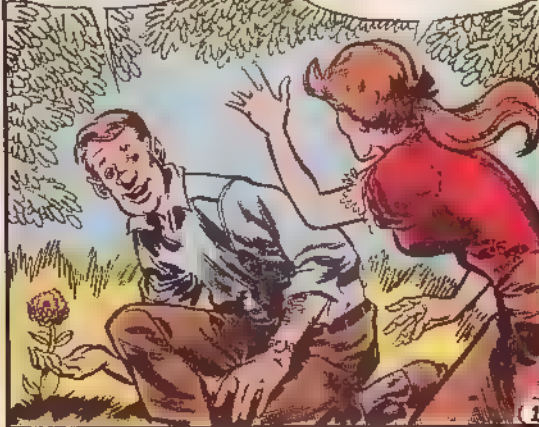
## GARDEN PARTY!



LOUELLA AND GODFREY HICKS HAD BEEN MARRIED FOR ALMOST EIGHT YEARS! UNFORTUNATELY, LOUELLA, WHO LOVED CHILDREN DEARLY, HAD NEVER BEEN BLESSED WITH ANY... AND SO SHE'D BEEN FORCED TO FIND OTHER INTERESTS WITH WHICH TO BUSY HERSELF DURING THE LONG HOURS WHEN GODFREY WAS AWAY AT THE OFFICE! IN THEIR FIFTH YEAR OF MARRIAGE, LOUELLA HAD CONVINCED GODFREY TO BUY A SMALL HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS, AND HE'D CONSENTED...

HMMM! THIS IS A PRETTY FLOWER, LOUELLA! WHAT IS IT?

DON'T TOUCH THAT! THAT'S ONE OF MY PRIZE RUFFLED PETUNIAS!



Jack Davis



YES! FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS, LOUELLA HAD DEVOTED ALL OF HER ENERGIES AND AFFECTIONS TO THE CULTIVATION OF THE PICTURESQUE FLOWER GARDEN AND LUSH GREEN LAWN THAT SURROUNDED THEIR SMALL SUBURBAN HOME...

I... WAS ONLY TRYING TO SEE IF IT SMELLED PRETTY, LOUELLA!

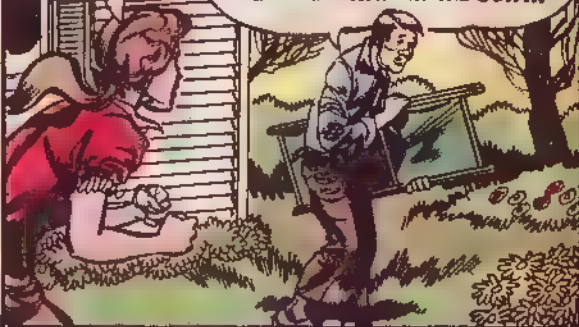
WELL, KEEP AWAY FROM THE FLOWERS, GODFREY! YOU'LL WILT THEM...



IN FACT, LOUELLA WAS ALMOST FANATIC ABOUT THE CONDITION OF HER GARDEN! EVERY DAY SHE WAS OUT IN IT, WEEDING THE YARDS AND YARDS OF FLOWER BEDS...PLANTING...TRANSPLANTING...SEEDING THE LAWN...MOWING THE LAWN...RAKING THE LAWN...

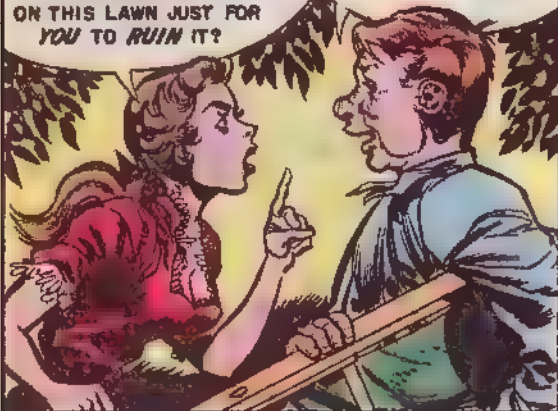
GODFREY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M BRINGING THIS FOLDING CHAIR OUT THERE! THINK I'LL TAKE A NAP IN THE SUN...



YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING! THAT CHAIR WILL SMOOTHER THE GRASS! DO YOU THINK I'VE WORKED AND SLAVED ON THIS LAWN JUST FOR YOU TO RUIN IT?

ALL I WANT TO DO IS SIT DOWN AND TAKE A LITTLE NAP OUT HERE, LOUELLA!



WELL, YOU JUST TAKE THAT CHAIR RIGHT BACK ON THE PORCH! IF YOU WANT TO SLEEP, WE HAVE A BED-ROOM FOR THAT PURPOSE!

HONESTLY, LOUELLA! WHAT GOOD'S A LAWN IF YOU CAN'T ENJOY IT?



YOU CAN ENJOY IT BY LOOKING AT IT! YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIE ALL OVER IT!

A GUY GETS ONE DAY OFF A WEEK AND HE CAN'T EVEN STRETCH OUT ON HIS OWN LAWN... GRUMBLE... GRUMBLE...



GODFREY!

OOOPS!



MY PRIZE PETUNIA! YOU STUPID, CLUMSY IDIOT! YOU STUPID, CLUMSY...

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, LOUELLA! AN ACCIDENT!





YES! LOVELLA WAS ALMOST FANATIC ABOUT HER GARDEN! AND GODFREY WAS MISERABLE BECAUSE OF IT! ONE DAY...

NOW WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M HANGING UP A HAMMOCK! A HAMMOCK WON'T SMOTHER YOUR DARN OL' GRASS! I'M HANGING IT BETWEEN THESE TWO TREES... SEE? UP HIGH... OFF THE GRASS...



STOP IT! STOP IT! YOU CAN'T DRIVE A NAIL INTO THAT TREE! YOU'RE LIABLE TO KILL IT!

WHAT? THIS LITTLE NAIL WILL KILL A TREE THAT BIG...?



GODFREY NICKS! IF YOU DRIVE THAT NAIL INTO THAT TREE...

OKAY, LOVELLA! OKAY!



I'LL HANG IT UP WITH ROPES!

YOU WON'T HANG IT UP AT ALL! I WON'T HAVE IT SPOILING THE LOOKS OF MY GARDEN!



WHAT DO I CARE WHAT YOUR BLASTED GARDEN LOOKS LIKE? BESIDES, WHO SEES IT, ANYWAY?

WELL, YOU COULD INVITE SOME OF YOUR OFFICE FRIENDS OVER...



...AND I COULD SHOW IT TO THEM! OF COURSE, THEY'D HAVE TO BE CAREFUL...

THE BOYS AT THE OFFICE, EH...?



...AND THEIR WIVES, OF COURSE! THEIR WIVES WOULD BE INTERESTED, I THINK!

OH...THE BOYS WOULD BE INTERESTED, LOVELLA! VERY INTERESTED, YEAH! I'LL INVITE THEM... FOR NEXT SATURDAY!





THAT FRIDAY NIGHT.

WELL, LOUELLA DEAR! I'VE INVITED A FEW **PEOPLE** FOR TOMORROW!

I HOPE YOU **TOLD** THEM ABOUT MY **GARDEN**, GODFREY! I MEAN...

OH, I TOLD THEM **ALL** ABOUT IT!

...AND YOU DIDN'T INVITE **TOO MANY**, DID YOU, GODFREY?

NO, DEAR! **NOT MANY!** JUST **TEN** OR **TWELVE**...

**TEN OR TWELVE!**

**COUPLES!**

**GODFREY! TEN OR TWELVE COUPLES!**  
OH, DEAR! OH...DEAR...

**FOR DINNER!**

**FOR DINNER! GODFREY! YOU DIDN'T!** DO YOU REALIZE HOW MUCH **WORK** IT IS TO MAKE **DINNER** FOR **TEN** OR **TWELVE COUPLES?**

OH, YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO A **THING**, LOUELLA DEAR! I **BOUGHT** SOMETHING THAT WILL **TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!** IT'S OUT IN THE CAR!

SOMETHING THAT WILL TAKE CARE OF **EVERYTHING?** I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

GODFREY WENT OUT TO THE CAR AND BROUGHT BACK A **HUGE CARTON!** HE BEGAN TO UNWRAP HIS MYSTERIOUS PURCHASE...

WHAT... WHAT IS IT?

IT'S AN **OUTDOOR BARBECUE**, LOUELLA! I INVITED EVERYBODY TO A **BAR-BEQUE**... IN THE **GARDEN!**



ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON, THE INVITED GUESTS BEGAN TO ARRIVE! LOUELLA WAS WHITE AS A GHOST WITH NERVOUSNESS! GODFREY GREETED THEM CHEERFULLY...

HI, ED... NOLLY! C'MON 'ROUND THE BACK! IZ AND EDITH ARE HERE ALREADY!

P-PLEASE BE CAREFUL OF THE ROSE BUSHES, FOLKS!



LOUELLA'S PROUD GARDEN WAS QUICKLY JAMMED WITH SHOUTING LAUGHING PEOPLE...

HEY, STEVEY! OVER HERE!

C'MON, GODFREY! BRING ON THE FOOD!

LET'S HAVE SOME DRINKS FIRST, GODFREY BOY!



THEY THROGGED ABOUT, MASHING DOWN THE LUSH GREEN LAWN...

WE'RE OUT OF ICE, GODFREY, OL' KID!

IN THE KITCHEN, PHIL! THERE'S TWO MORE TRAYS!

NOT A CLOUD INNA SKY! WHATT A DAY!

MY SNAP-DRAGONS! PLEASE...



SMOKE BILLOWED UP FROM THE BARBECUE...

LOOK OUT, STUPID! YUH DUMPED THE CHARCOAL!

MAKE MINE WELL DONE, GODFREY!

LOOKA ME! I'M A GAZELLE!

STOP! MY LILACS!



EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY! EVERYBODY BUT LOUELLA...

HOO-HAH! HOT!

THISH BOTTLE'S EMPTY!

MORE... INNA CELLAR!

NISHE PLASHE YUH GOT HERE, GODFREY, 'OL BOY, 'OL BOY!



ORCHIDS... TO THE HOSTESH WITH THE MOSHTESH...

MY PRIZE PETUNIAS! CHOKO...

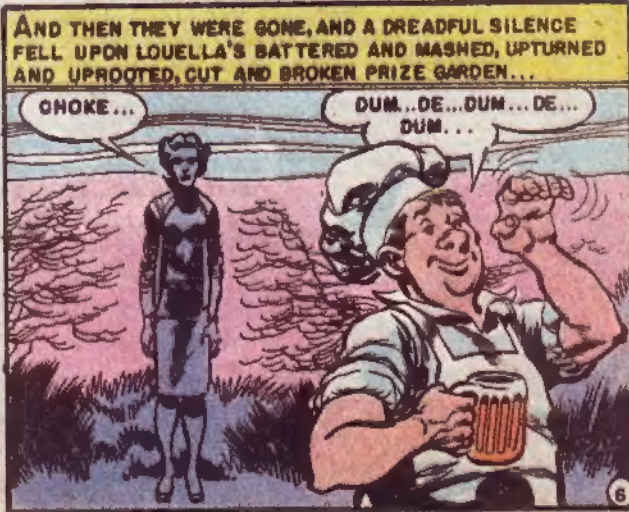


LOOK, EV'Y'B'DY! I BRUNG MY PORTABLE PHONO... HIC... PHONA... HIC... VICTROLA!

LESH DANCE!









SUDDENLY, POOR LOUELLA'S EYES FILLED WITH TEARS! SHE FAIRLY SHRIEKED...

MY..MY..SOB...  
GARDEN!



GODFREY GRINNED SARCASTICALLY AT HER...

THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE  
ENJOYED THIS PANSY-PLOT  
SINCE WE MOVED IN!

L-LOOK... LOOK AT IT!  
RUINED! RUINED!



LOUELLA STARED AT GODFREY WITH  
WILD, RED EYES...

THAT'S WHAT A  
GARDEN'S FOR!  
TO ENJOY IT! LIKE...  
LIKE BARBECUING  
IN IT!

YES...  
BARBECUING!



SHE MOVED TOWARD HIM WHIMPERING! AS SHE PASSED THE BARBECUE WITH THE RED HOT COALS STILL GLOWING IN IT, LOUELLA PICKED UP THE CARVING KNIFE...

...BARBECUING  
IN IT! YES...

LOUELLA!

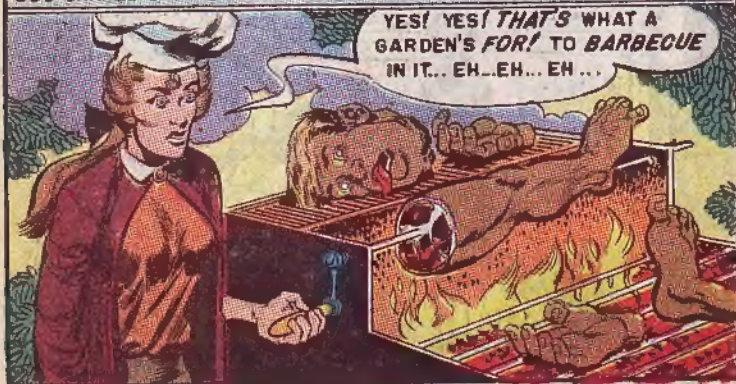


LOUELLA!



WHEN THEY CAME TO INVESTIGATE THE BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS THAT HAD EMANATED FROM THE RUINED GARDEN, THEY FOUND LOUELLA... THE APRON TIED AROUND HER HEAVING BODY, THE CHEF'S HAT TILTED CRAZILY ON HER PERSPIRING FACE... BUSILY TURNING RICHLI BROWNEED ODD SHAPES ON THE BARBECUE RACK! AND SHE WAS MUTTERING SOFTLY.

YES! YES! THAT'S WHAT A  
GARDEN'S FOR! TO BARBECUE  
IN IT... EH...EH... EH...



HEH, HEH! THAT'S MY YARN, YELP-FRIENDS! GODFREY WAS DONE UP BROWN! WELL, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE'S A REGULAR CUT-UP! AS FOR LOUELLA... WELL, SHE'S IN A PADDED CELL NOW! SHE KEEPS STICKING ORANGE PITS INTO THE WALLS... AND SHE WATERS THEM REGULARLY... BUT NOTHING COMES UP! NOTHING EXCEPT HER DINNER EVERYTIME

THEY SERVE HER BROILED FOOD! HEH, HEH! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN MY MAG, TALES FROM THE CRYPT! 'BYE, NOW!







# The Old Witch